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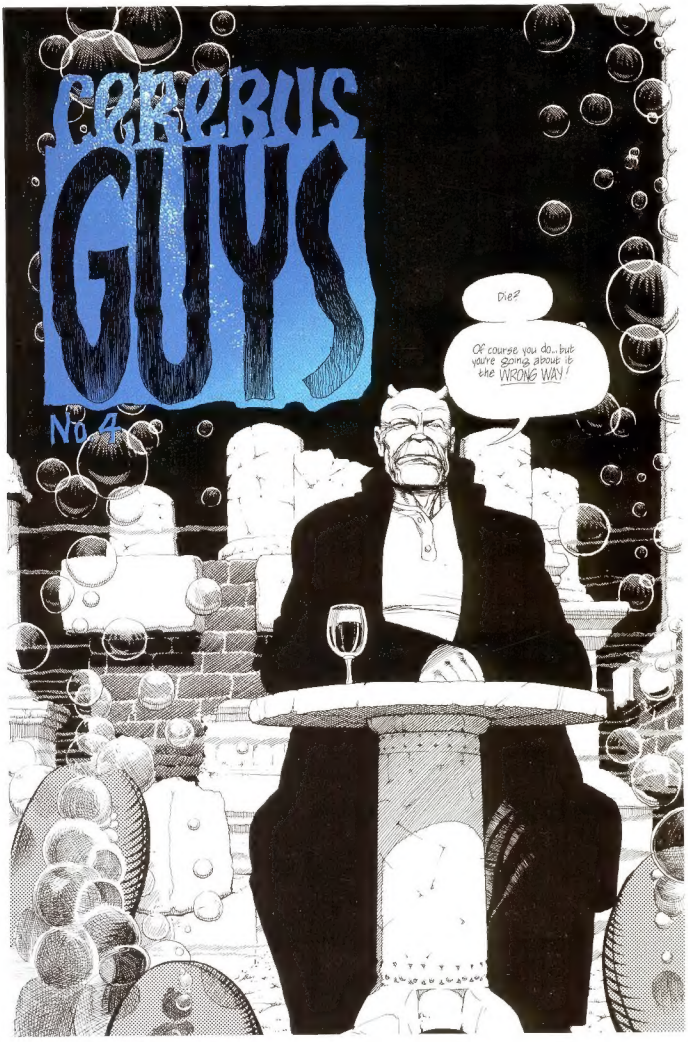


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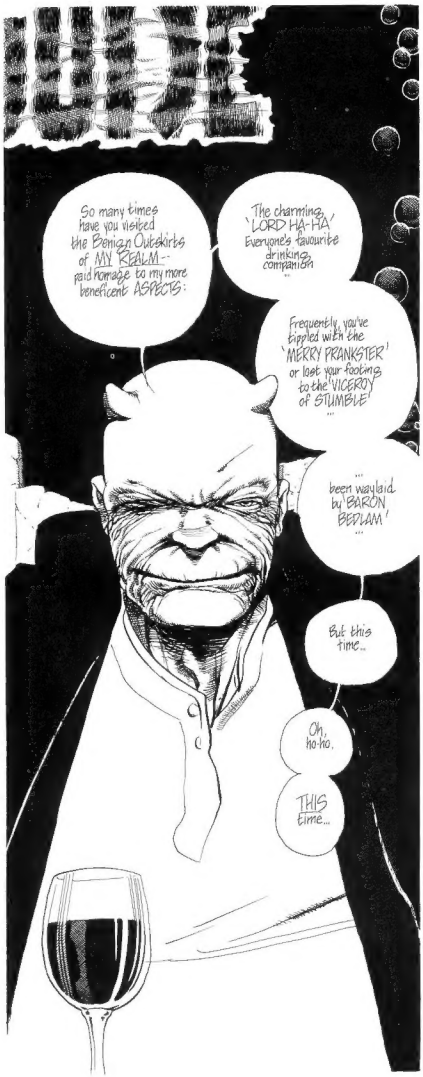
MAR


So many times have you visited the Benign Outskirts of MY REALM -- paid homage to my more beneficent ASPECTS:
The charming, 'LORD HA-HA' Everyone's favourite drinking companion
Frequently, you've tippled with the 'MERRY PRANKSTER' or lost your footing to the 'VICEROY of STUMBLE'
... been waylaid by 'BARON BEDLAM'
But this time...
Oh, ho-ho.
THIS time...


# CEREBUS

NO. 204 MARCH 1996

**DAVE SIM**
Creator, Writer, Characters/ pencil & ink, lettering

**GERHARD**
Background Artist/pencil & ink, cover colourist, mechanical tones

**CAROL WEST**
Administrative Assistant

**LINDA BERZINS**
Typesetting

**DIANA SCHUTZ**
Proofreading


**GUYS**
a novel

•

(Cerebus 201 to Cerebus 219)


MONTHLY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PRINTED IN CANADA by PRENEY PRINT & LITHO, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

...
You've landed in it with both feet, Sonny-Jim-- You pray to 'Dave' for death?
'Dave' has no power here-- This isn't the Benign Outskirts ...
This is the Throne Room, in the Palace in the Downtown of My Realm-- THE SWILLING!
Home to all who partake of ill-advised mixtures and blends of fermented beverages (like GIN, SCOTCH and GRENADINE, chucklehead) ...
We have a name for DEATH here.
We call it:
'Getting Off Easy'
Should give you a rough idea ...
... Of what you're up against.

Have to swim for it!
How far to the side? A mile or two? IF the FUMES don't get you, THEN what?
No way to climb out
But maybe if I just... TILT the glass a bit ...
You'll at LEAST be able to ...
Whoops!
Where'd you go?
THERE you are!
WHATEVER you do-- DON'T PANIC!
Oy! Didn't ye HEAR me! I SAID: "DON'T...
Och! Tyew late!
Yer en foor et noow!

ET'S HI' SCRAYMIN' 'ABDABS!
Pooleh' ueRr jaws apeRrt
FahRrten' eh' yooRr face
ThaRr th' Rroodest Wee Beasties eh my IntyRre Rrelm
EXCUSE ME-- BUT AREN'T YOU SUPPOSED TO BE ...GREEK?

HUGH DARrS TE CHULLUNGE TH' LAIRD OOV...
ahem.
Who DARES to challenge the LORD of INEBRIATION in HIS REALM?
SHOW yourself!
IT'S SCOTTISH ISN'T IT? YOUR ACCENT, I MEAN...MAYBE A LITTLE AUSTRALIAN MIXED IN...?
Veitchmonster! As I live and breathe!
RIGHT THE FIRST TIME! NOW LET CEREBUS GO...
AND I PROMISE I'LL FORGET ABOUT YOU TRESPASSING AGAINST ME.
@#★
Are you MAD-?! attempting to USURP my authority?
In the very HEART of THE SWILLING!
ZAP
POW
THE SWILLING? GET A GRIP, HORN-HEAD.

THIS ISN'T THE SWILLING!
THIS IS...
POIT!
(eh? BEHIND me?)
SAN
VE
THE DR...
KING HELL
!
?
THE --heh--
THE--uh-- 'NOT AWAKE PLACE.
You're LYING, Dream Lord -- Cerebus is MINE
He's DRUNK!
I've waited TEN THOUSAND YEARS to hit someone with the hangover he has in store
BACK OFF!

REALITY CHECK, BOOZE PRINCE.
CEREBUS IS DREAMING.
Nah! He's DRUNK!
(say-- wanna watch me run the little shit through a wine press?)
Blorg
GLUG SPLASH
YOU'RE OUTSIDE OF YOUR JURISDICTION -- BETTER JUST HAND 'IM OVER AND-- (I DUNNO)
GO PRACTICE YOUR CROCODILE DUNDEE IMPRESSION SOMEWHERE. HE'S DREAMING I TELL YA.
DRUNK!
Swallowing too much!
BAD VINTAGE!
MUSENT MAKE GAB
DREAMING
Oh Yeah?
PROVE it.

LOOK FOR YOURSELF.
HE'S GOT TWO EARS AND NO EYEPATCH.
D'OH!
POW!
PUNCH
POW!

DINK
PLOP
HOWDY!
I'M ROARIN' RICK!
AND YOU MUST BE CEREBUS.
YOU KNOW, CEREBUS, DREAMS CAN SERVE AS RICH, SYMBOL-LADEN AND ENCODED ROADMAPS OF OUR INTERIOR OR HIDDEN SELVES, PROVIDING CLUES TO OUR PSYCHIC AND MENTAL WELL-BEING!
IN FACT MANY ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS RELIED EXCLUSIVELY ON DREAMS -- TO WARN THEM OF IMMINENT ATTACKS BY ENEMY TRIBES OR CITY-STATES! DREAM SPECIALISTS -- CALLED SHAMANS -- PROVIDED ALL THE INTELLIGENCE ON THE ATTACKING ARMIES BASED ON THE SYMBOLS THEY SAW IN THEIR DREAMS.
HISTORIANS TELL US THAT THIS IS WHY THESE ANCIENT CIVILISATIONS WERE WIPED OUT COMPLETELY!
I MEAN
HA HA!
HOW STUPID CAN YOU BE?
WINK

OF COURSE THE REAL PURPOSE OF THE DREAM STATE IS TO ENABLE THE DREAMER TO TEAR OFF A STRANGE PIECE OF ASS DURING THE NIGHT WITHOUT HIS WIFE AND/OR GIRLFRIEND FINDING OUT!
@#★!
WITH SUFFICIENT PRACTICE, LUCID DREAMING, --AWARENESS OF THE DREAM STATE WHILE DREAMING-- IS POSSIBLE.
THIS ALLOWS THE DREAMER TO CHANGE HIS PARTNER'S HAIR COLOR, BUST SIZE, SKIN TONE--
EVEN THE PARTNER'S AGE!
(some local restrictions may apply)
OR GENDER!
?!
HEY! NO NEED FOR EMBARRASSMENT LITTLE BUDDY.
THIS IS YOUR DREAM.
IF YOU WANT TO HAVE A DREAM ABOUT A MIDDLE-AGED MAN DRESSED IN FULL-LENGTH BLACK TIGHTS (THE EXCLAMATION MARK OVER THE PUBIC AREA IS A NICE TOUCH BY THE WAY) THEN...
WHOA!

LOOK AT WHAT YOU'VE GOT THE ROARIN' ONE WEARING NOW!
YOU SEE? AN UNCONSCIOUS DREAMING MIND IS A VIRTUAL PLAYGROUND OF REPRESSED DESIRES!
AS THE SHAMANS -- THE DREAM SPECIALISTS -- DISCOVERED MORE AND MORE ABOUT THE NATURE OF THE DREAMING MIND, THEY EVEN DEVELOPED NEW TERMS TO DESCRIBE THE MOST COMMON OR ARCHETYPAL DREAMS
TERMS LIKE 'SICK'
AND 'TWISTED'
AND 'DEPRAVED'
SOME DREAMS ARE SO COMMON AND OCCUR WITH SUCH FREQUENCY
LIKE THE 'PURSUED-BY-A-CROSS-DRESSING CARTOONIST-ALONG-A-LARGE PHALLIC-SHAPED-OBJECT...
'ONLY-THERE'S-SOMETHING-WRONG-AND-YOU'RE-RUNNING-IN-SLOW-MOTION-BARELY-STAYING-AHEAD-OF-HIM-AND-ARE-CERTAIN-HE'S-GOING-TO-CATCH-YOU-ANY-SECOND' DREAM
IS EXPERIENCED BY FULLY NINETY-SIX PERCENT OF THE POPULATION AT LEAST THREE TIMES A NIGHT.

AND UP TO SIX TIMES A NIGHT BY NEWBORN BABES
SCREEEEEE
FAY! AFFOO FAWABOW
SORRY
WHAT I SAID WAS:
'SAY! HAVE YOU THOUGHT ABOUT GETTING MARRIED AGAIN?'
NO.. SERIOUSLY
HEAR ME OUT ON THIS ONE

MARRIAGE--LIKE DREAMING--TAKES PLACE WHEN YOU'RE 'NOT ALL THERE'.
AS YOU REMEMBER FROM YOUR EXPERIENCE WITH RED SOPHIA--BUT WHAT YOU MAY NOT KNOW...
IS THAT MANY SECOND MARRIAGES TAKE PLACE IN A STATE OF HEIGHTENED AWARENESS...
WITH BOTH PARTNERS EXPERIENCING A KIND OF 'SUPER-REALITY'
NOT UNLIKE THOSE HIGH-PITCHED WHISTLES THAT ONLY DOGS CAN HEAR.
PUFF PUFF
IN THIS
PUFF PUFF
ELEVATED STATE OF EXISTENCE
PERCEPTIONS BECOME MORE ACUTE AND SHARPLY FOCUSSED. FOR EXAMPLE, BABIES:
ONCE MISPERCEIVED AS 'MALIGNANT PARASITES' AND 'BRAIN-DAMAGED CATERWAULING BANSHEES'
ARE NOW RECOGNIZED FOR WHAT THEY ARE: 'BLESSED BUNDLES OF UNCONDITIONAL LOVE' AND 'OUR ONLY HOPE FOR THE FUTURE'
HEY! I'VE GOT A RIDDLE FOR YOU.

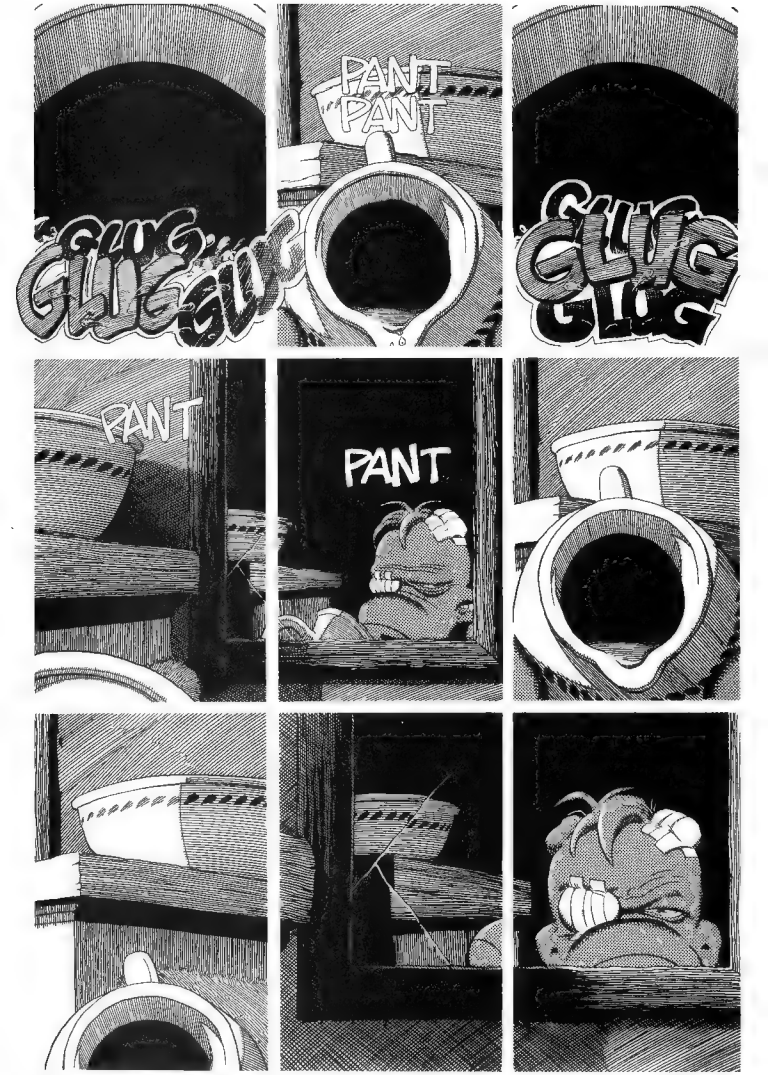
IF MARRIAGE IS A CIGAR BUTT, WHICH END IS CHILDBIRTH? THE HOT SMOLDERING TIP OR THE SOGGY CHEWED-UP PART?
UH... CERBERUS DOESN'T KNOW
GIVE UP?
AYE
WANNA KNOW THE ANSWER?
UH... SURE
WILL YOU SHUT UP WITH THE STUPID RIDDLES AND GET ME A CLEAN DIAPER LIKE I ASKED YOU!?

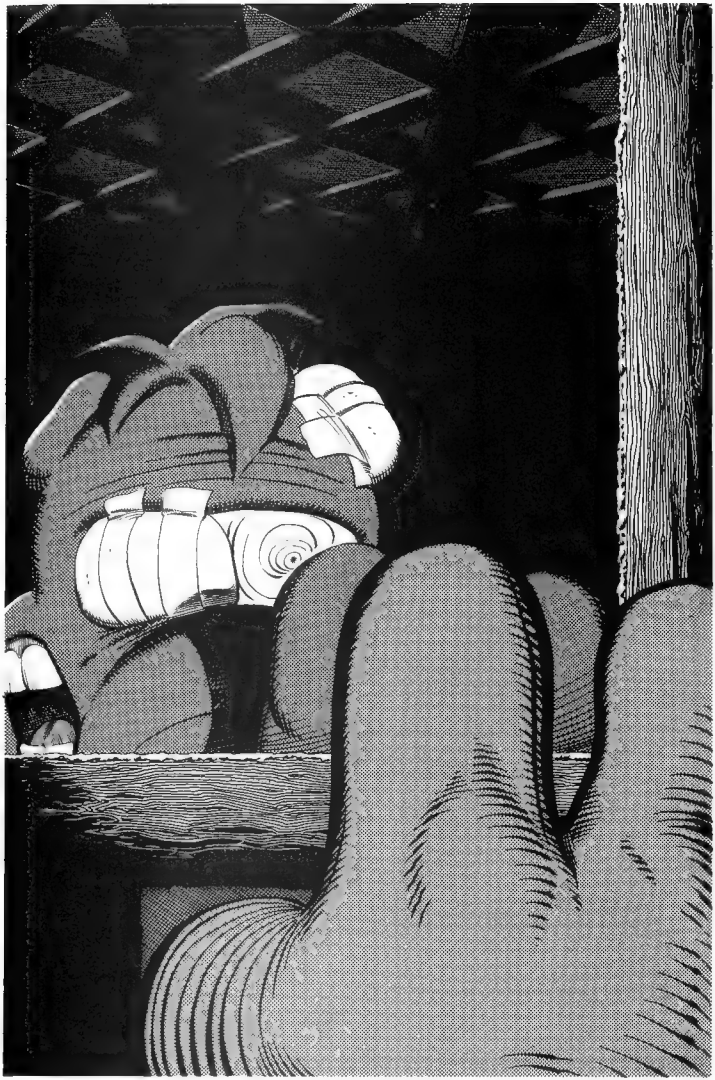
HAHAHA HO
YOU KNOW, CEREBUS, RIDDLES CAN SERVE AS RICH, SYMBOL-LADEN AND ENCODED ROAD MAPS OF OUR INTERIOR OR 'HIDDEN' SELVES PROVIDING CLUES TO...
?
HEY!
WHERE'D YOU GO?
@#★!
THERE YOU ARE!
PROVIDING TO OUR PSYCHIC MENTAL WELL-BEING AS A MATTER OF FACT, MANY ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS USED RIDDLES TO TEACH THEM ABOUT
LIZ: WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A CLOSET NURSE AND A FOREIGN WI...

YOU'RE AWAKE
LISTEN -- I'M NOT A - WADDAYA CALL IT - TALKER ..
I -
KNOCK IT OFF WITH THAT 'CERBERUS IS ASLEEP' SHIT...
I KNOWIN YOU TWENINY YEARS'R MORE... YOU AIN'T FOOLIN' ME FER ONE SECOND
SNRRRR
SNRRR
THAT'S YER FAKE SNORING
YER REAL SNORING DON'T SOUND LIKE THAT

FUCK IT
MAYBE IT'S WATTYAKNOW, IT EASIER THIS WAY..
EVEN THOUGH I DIDN'T DO NOTHIN' TO STOP 'EM..
IT DOESN'T MEAN I DONE NOTHIN' WRONG, SEE?
SNRR
WHEN YOU CALL, Y'KNOW, EVERYBODY EVERY NAME BUT 'WHITE MEN' AND THE NEXT DAY YOU DON'T REMEMBER NOTHIN'
AN' YOU SEEM T' THINK:
BECAUSE CEREBUS DIDN'T REMEMBER THAT THAT MEANS YOU DIDN'T DO NOTHIN' WRONG
OR, IT DIDN'T HAPPEN
OR,
SNRR
SEE, IF I WUZ TO WATTAYACALL 'TAKE YOUR SIDE' -- YOU KNOW, 'WHY' YOU WANNA PIECE OF HIM? YOU GOTTA GO THROUGH ME, BUD!' --
I MEAN
THEY ALL HEAR YOU CALL ME NAMES -- TREAT ME LIKE SHIT..
HOW WOULD THAT LOOK? SHIT I MEAN.

SO ALL I'M SAYIN' IS: 'DON'T COME CRYIN' T'ME' I DIDN'T DO IT, BUT I DIDN'T STOP 'EM
I AIN'T SAYIN' YOU -- WATTAYACALL -- DESERVED IT -- AND I AIN'T SAYIN' YOU DIDN'T WATTAYACALL DESERVE IT
I WARNED YOU. I WARNED YOU PLENTY OF TIMES... 'JUST KEEP IT UP!' I SAID. 'YOU'LL GET WHAT'S COMIN TO YA'
YER WATTAYACALL IT. FERGETTIN' IT. SMOKE
SNAP
SO WHEN YOU COME DOWNSTAIRS FER YER 'EYE-OPENER' BUCKET O' SCOTCH...
JUST STAY ON YER OWN SIDE O' THE BAR.
LIKE - FROM NOW--ON
PERIOD.
SEE?
CREAK
STOMP
STOMP
STOM
STO


GLUG GLUG
PANT PANT
GLUG GLUG
PANT
PANT



*memoir*

# WHY AN AARDVARK?

## part three

In examining my first draught of "Mr. and Mrs. Aardvark Vanaheim" (the more avid reader will recall that I said that the original piece had "gone off in too many directions at once"), it seems clear that I was labouring under the same schism which existed in my life at the time — the war between my "comic-book life" and my "real life." It is significant that the former has always been more real to me than the latter. Viewed accurately, my comic-book life predates my real life by many years. My encyclopedic knowledge of comic-book history (in its seminal aspect concerned with the first appearances of various characters, later with the careers, styles, and development of writers and artists I admired) occupied a disproportionately large percentage of my memory and thought processes. Those elements which make up a "real life" (as in "get a life") — job, girlfriend, friendships — existed in the outer fringes of the theoretical. At the age of twenty — getting my first apartment, meeting Deni, holding down a part-time job at Now & Then Books, moving into a new apartment with Deni, entertaining her brother and sister and friends on a regular basis — real life became an accompaniment to my comic-book existence (albeit a minor key in the larger musical work). Comic books still dominated. My first apartment was all drawing board and art supplies, promotional brochures for my studio which I had christened COMICgraphics, tear sheets and news clippings filling the corkboard wall which separated the single living room/bedroom from the kitchenette, the limited drawer and cupboard space occupied by comic books and reference books; clothes I had owned since high school were an afterthought jammed into leftover corners and secondary spaces.

In a short space of time Deni was pressed into service as an agent for my commercial art skills, her brother collaborated with me on a handful of comic-book stories, our apartment was the studio and Aardvark-Vanaheim fanzine-publishing office. In retrospect it was the stuff of situation comedies — relatively normal French-Canadian family runs afoul of obsessive comic-book person, his world divided into *That Which Will Advance the Career* and *Everything Else*. The square peg met the round hole and began chiselling right angles into the curvilinear symmetry, in the name of the Higher Calling.

It is recognized that those human elements — the situation-comedy episodes which tended to degenerate into minor tragedies and arguments, numbing in their relentless . . . relentlessness? — are doubtless of interest to the general readership: First Love Gone Awry, Portrait of the Artist as Young Suitor, etc., etc. It is one of the false directions referred to in the admission of the first failure. It was *a* story, but it was not *the* story which concerned me.

The reader had been left with the dawning of my insight that Gene Day's career (my primary template at the time) had jumped the rails of real progress (in my view) and left me casting about for my own natural "next step." Gene's rationale for his career course — his obligations as husband and homeowner informing the largest part of his motivation — fueled the first insight that "real life" and "comic-book life" might exist in diametric opposition to each other. The Big House on First Street with its Big Mortgage took center stage in my mentor's life. Divided into two dwellings — one for his studio and residence, the other rented out — his goal was to unite the two. The many rooms would reflect his varied interests — a Second World War diorama, a studio to practice guitar, a library to house his enormous comic-book, magazine, and science-fiction collections, a House of Shadows publishing office, his studio. The steady paycheck from Marvel became the means to achieve the end — keep Marvel happy and the cash flow could be maintained; a maintained cash flow made the Castle Day a genuine possibility.

The discerning reader will recognize a large measure of Viktor Davis' genesis in the above — in this case the marital residence itself serving as a creative void to devour his energies and idealism. Unfortunate, because Gene's marriage (on the Viktor Davis scale) was a very good one. Gale was always understanding and indulgent of the time and energy required for his artistic priorities . . . and contributed equally to their shared life.

As the young Dave Sim of twenty-odd (some *very* odd) summers surveyed his own circumstance, the Big House on First Street became a thing to avoid. He had no intention of becoming a slave to the large expenditure, making career choices on the basis of "real-world" givens and requirements. As he eyed his lifemate (measuring her against Gale's contribution to Gene's career), he could congratulate himself that he, too, had chosen wisely. He intended to conquer the world, to become indescribably wealthy and equally famous, and made no secret of that ambition with his wife-to-be. For *her* part, had it not been an article of faith with Deni from a very early age that she would someday (as she considered her future) be the Woman Behind the Great Man? How suited they were to each other! Two halves of an

equation, each biding their time until the opposite number could be located and Real Life (as opposed to "real life") could begin in earnest. If her premonition had fallen more along musical lines, if the "other half" she anticipated was perceived to be more on the order of a George Harrison or a Stephen Stills, her flexibility in giving her ardent young comic-book suitor the benefit of the doubt (she asserted that he had "George Harrison's eyes" — fortuitous happenstance to be sure!) spoke to his belief that rock 'n' roll had had its day, and the wisest and most alert of the late-Twentieth-Century Muses and Significant Others were placing their bets on those Young Lions of Sequential Art as the brightest of the bright, young men.

Does my pen drip irony here? Not at all, not at all, dear reader. I enunciate my misapprehension of the time. There is no difficulty in perceiving the flaw in retrospect, touching as it does on the hidden realities which constitute love and marriage at odds with creative ambition. Not for small reason did a significant part of my ex-wife's interview in *The Comics Journal* on the subject of the notorious issue 186 center on my assertions regarding John Lennon. She opined that I had switched philosophies in midstream — denouncing the ex-Beatle icon for wasting much of the last years of his creative life holed up in the Dakota, smoking pot, compulsively channel-surfing, baking bread, and minding the kid.

We were all, you see, John and Yoko back then.

One of Lennon's spiritual offspring had been inspired — as a likewise halfhearted inmate of an archetypal English art school of the time — to abandon the safety and insular security of his circumstance and (in answering the clarion call of his creativity) to set his course for North America and the selfsame metropolis where the Beatles had debarked a handful of years before. Though the Marvel offices of the day were a far cry from the Ed Sullivan theater and pencilling assignments on moribund titles like *X-Men* (deader than a doornail at the time) a more flaccid pass at the brass ring even than singing background vocals on a Tony Sheridan single, still the metaphor sustains itself. Barry Smith (pre-Windsor) constituted the whole of the 1960s comic-book British Invasion. Beatles, Stones, Animals, Dave Clark Five et al. rolled into one (as Stan Lee christened him) Bashful Brit.

Meeting Barry Smith for the first time in 1973 when he was riding the wave of success that his work on *Conan* had conferred upon him — no, more accurately, *cresting* upon the tsunami of his "Red Nails" adaptation which hurled him, in one go, from the ranks of the relentlessly progressing talent into the Pantheon of the Indisputably Great — I met his "Yoko" as well: colourist and Gorblimey Press business manager, Linda Lessman.

In my casting about for a more solid, more viable template for my efforts, this seemed ideal. For had Barry Smith not transcended the cul-de-sac of the career of the Marvel freelancer? Did he not represent the Next Best Step for the *Gene Days* of the comic-book world? If it was true that he was fully engaged in the making of pictures which became prints and so was outside of the comic-book field (except for the promised *Robin Hood* graphic novel, inching, one supposed, towards completion), still the structure was sound. John and Yoko, Barry and Linda, Dave and Deni.

Life is nothing without its intrinsic ironies. On the only occasion when the paths of Barry-and-Linda and Dave-and-Deni crossed (a convention in Albany in 1980 or '81), I remember being sought out by Linda, who had just finished a conversation with Deni in which the Aardvark-Vanaheim publisher and minority shareholder (49% to my 51%) had laid bare the entirety of her spouse's cherished template — giving credit where it was due at the least, but more likely surrendering to excess and paying homage to Linda as the Spiritual Role Model of her professional existence.

The distortion was too great for someone of Linda's intrinsic honesty to accommodate or dismiss offhandedly. So there I was, being read chapter and verse on the reality of the situation. She was not Barry's business manager — "helper" struck closer to the mark. She did the bookkeeping, the banking, wrapped and mailed packages, kept track of invoices. I understood. It was impossible not to, since it was important to Linda that the truth be known. It would be clear in later years that I had been guilty of a fundamental distortion at a critical juncture. At the time, however, Mr. and Mrs. Aardvark-Vanaheim were embarked upon a course which compounded the misapprehension — seeking out other talents whose work we would publish, or, more accurately — the amendment is critical to the point of my thesis — talents whose work *Deni would publish*. Is it too oblique to assert that — as a spiritual grandson of John Lennon — I had decided that my Yoko would have less in common with Lennon's first wife Cynthia than with Beatle manager and guru Brian Epstein?

Revelation awaited even as I — we — pursued a course doomed to failure. While we didn't have the monetary resources necessary to attract the brighter lights of the comic-book field after the fashion of the failed Apple Corp. experiment (it would be left to Kevin Eastman and his Turtle Millions to reinforce the lesson with Tundra Publishing), still it had the excruciating lure of the logic of the next step.

The lessons I would learn would come hard and fast, fast and hard. Even as the Dakota Acolytes began leaking word of what had actually gone on — Lennon channel-surfing as Yoko, in Studio One, spent endless hours on the phone "making all her nowhere plans for nobody" — the irony was compounded and compounded again.

With the publication of *Neil the Horse* number one, the seeds of destruction had been sown, fertilized, and watered.

It is left to the next installment to describe how this particular garden grew.

*Next: Business versus Creativity*

KING
HELL
...AND WE'D LIKE TO THANK ROARIN' RICK FOR 'GUEST LETTERING' HIS DIALOGUE ...
A GOOD SPORT AND A GREAT SELF-PUBLISHER
STAND UP AND TAKE A BOW, BIG GUY!
SOMEDAY, SIM -- I WILL GET YOU FOR THIS. HMM. WHAT WAS THAT 'DAVE DREAM' AGAIN?
THE ONE I THOUGHT WAS 'TOO TASTELESS' TO PRINT? HEH-HEH.
C'MON, RICK -- STAND UP AND TAKE A BOW.
Rick?
RARE BIT FIENDS
Photo by Keith Tuxhorn

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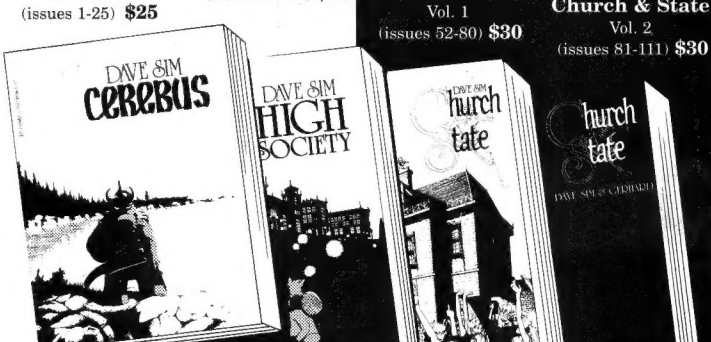

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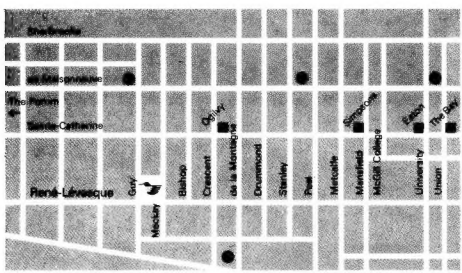


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Apologies for running Black Eye Press' old address last issue. Their new address: Black Eye Press, 5135 Park Ave., Suite #5, Montreal Quebec H2V 1G3 e-mail: Mail @ Blackeye.com.

## MONTREAL, QUEBEC

APRIL 13, 1996 • 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

The Retailer du Jour is Librairie Nebula, a store that has made its reputation specializing in small press, self-published books, European graphic albums, North American graphic novels and related items. If you are interested in having them carry copies of your book at their tables at the Spirits stop or if you want to have your fliers or giveaways handed out at the admissions table, send a sample copy or package to:

Keith Logan,
c/o LIBRAIRIE NEBULA
1832 Ste. Catherine W., Montreal, QC H3H 1M1
Phone: (514) 932-3930

★★★★★★★★★★

The Hotel Maritime is pretty reasonably priced as hotels go -- $75 a night (Canadian -- closer to $50 a night in U.S. funds) taxes not included.

★★★★★★★★★★

Ger and I will be coming in on April 12 and departing on April 14. Unless there's a change in plans, there'll be a get-together the night before the event and the night after in the bar at the Hotel Maritime. If there is a change in plans, call Librairie Nebula and they'll let you know where the party is. *The two evening sessions are now starting to look more like full-scale Barcons. Paul Pope and I will be kicking off a couple of Jam Sketch Comics at 8 p.m. both nights. Invitations to participate are being circulated in Montreal's flourishing mini-comics community so bring along your favourite sketching materials if you're an artist or your sketchbook if you're a fan and join the fun.*

★★★★★★★★★★

A big cause for celebration (which Keith only noticed after the fact) is that April 13th is also the 7th anniversary of the store! Cheers! And . . . Claude and Keith have declared April "Beanworld Month" in honour of Larry's first visit to La Belle Province. Artists are requested to do a drawing of one of Larry's characters (you know -- just when you get a minute) for display in April. That applies to anyone who isn't going to be at the event, as well. Just another Beanworld Mecca that Librairie Nebula.

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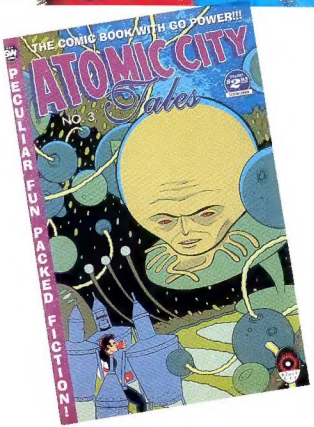
# cerebus

"SPIRITS of NATIONAL UNITY TOUR '96"

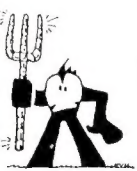
DAVE SIM & GERHARD



THB's PAUL POPE

ATOMIC CITY TALES' JAY STEPHENS

BEANWORLD'S LARRY MARDER



PLUS! BERNIE MIREAULT • MATT FEAZELL • GREG HYLAND and DOZENS more!

*celebrate* LIBRAIRIE NEBULA's BIG SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY